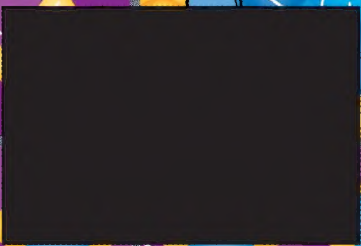




DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



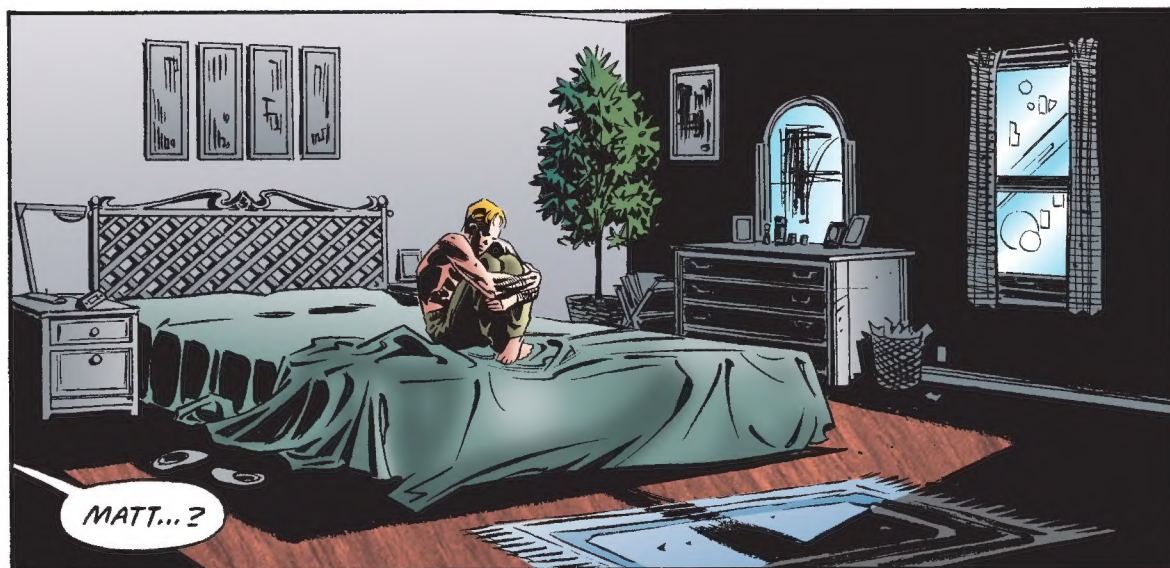
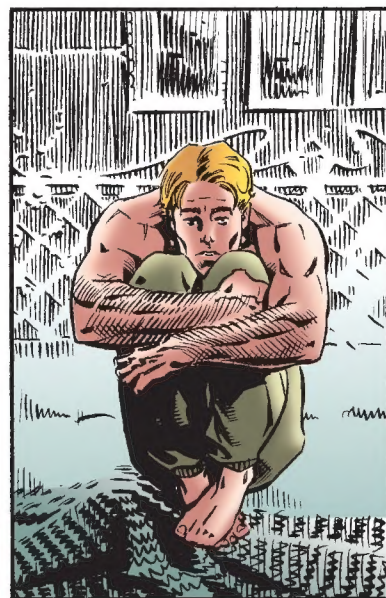
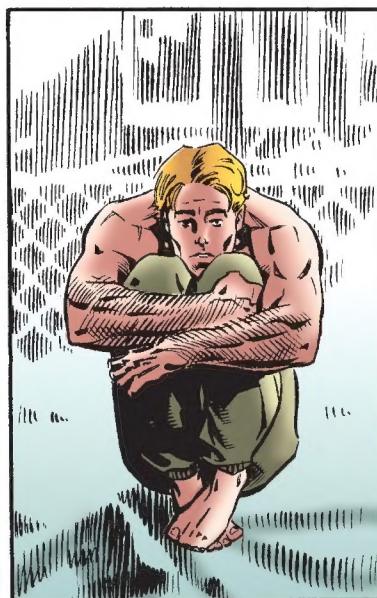
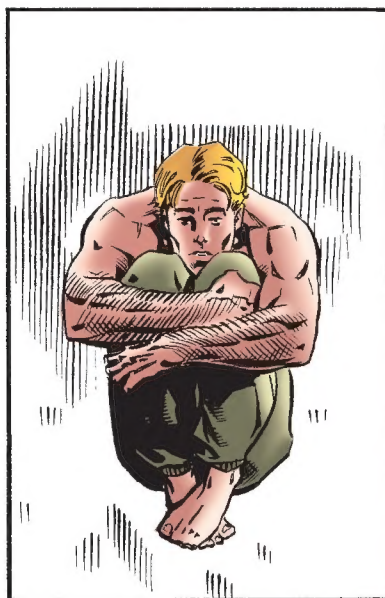
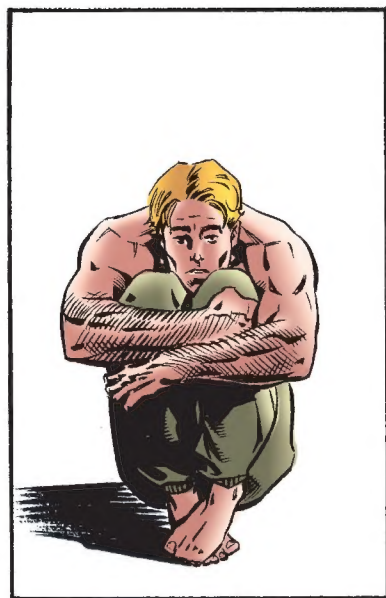
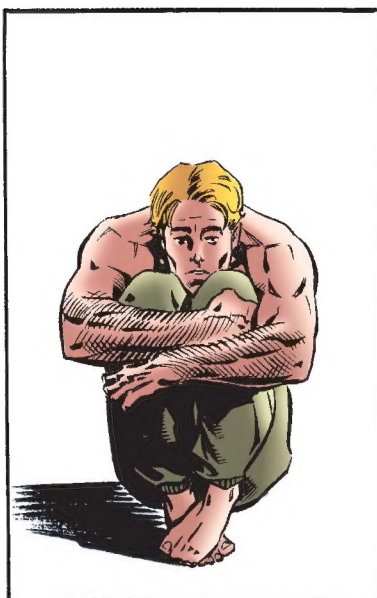
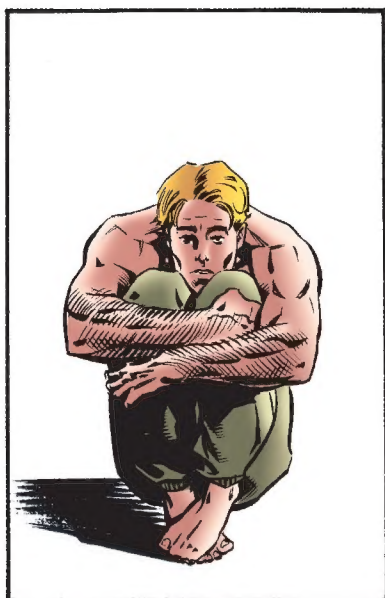
ART BY
+ WRITER

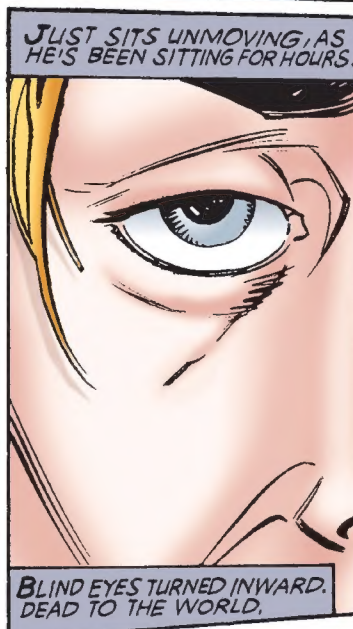
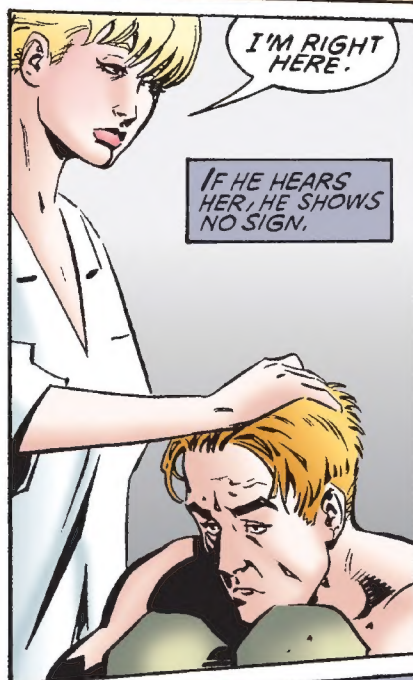
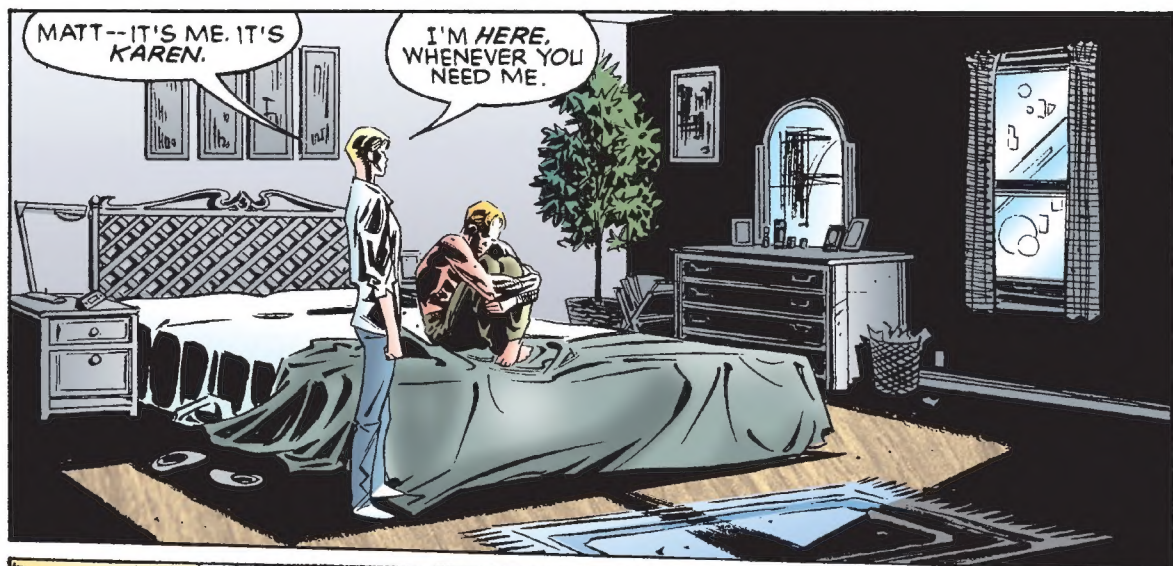
STAN LEE
PRESENTS

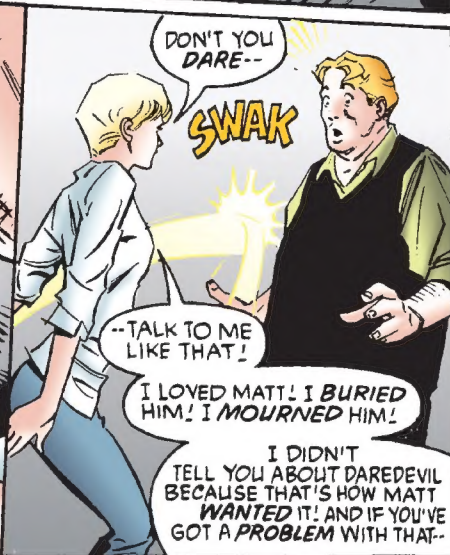
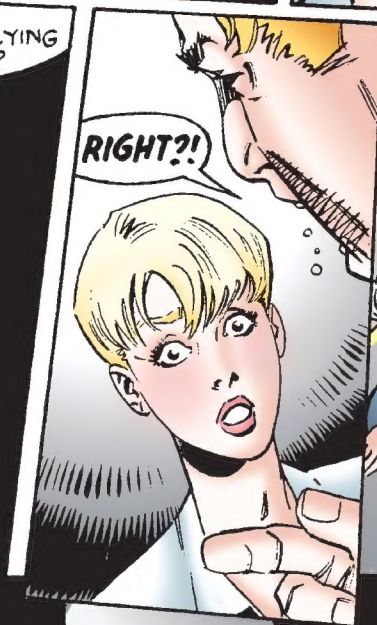
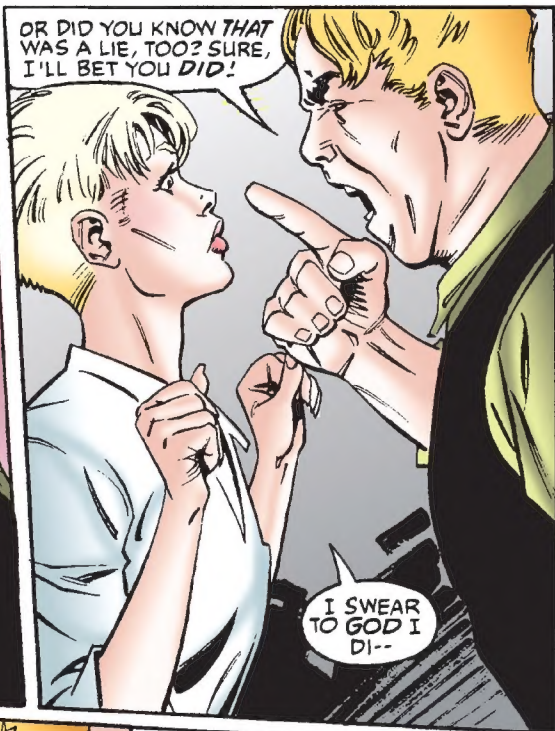
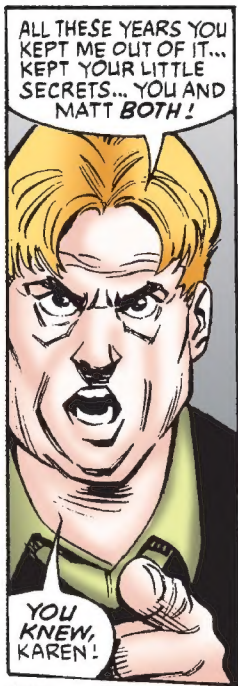
DAREDEVIL IN PURGATORIO

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Bill Reinhold · INKER
W. Higgins · LETTERER
Christie Scheele · COLORIST
Malibu · COMPUTER COLOR
James Felder · EDITOR
Bobbie Chase · ED. IN CHIEF









SLAM

--TAKE IT UP WITH HIM!

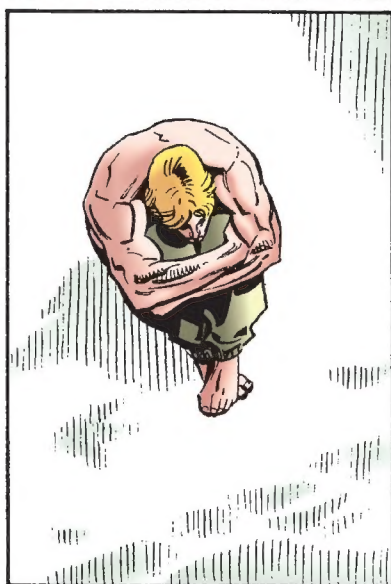
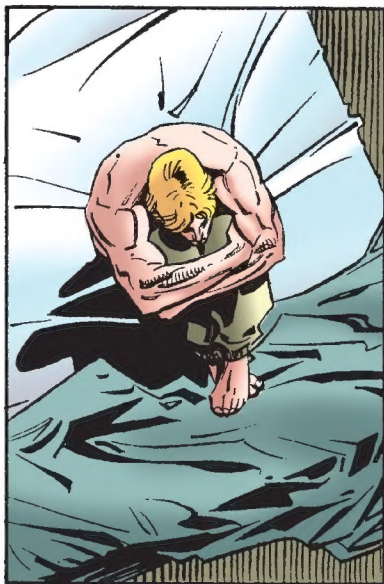




HE CAN HEAR THE VOICES IN THE OTHER ROOM, THE ANGER, THE HURT, THE SLAMMING DOOR--BUT THEY'RE ECHOES FROM A MILLION MILES AWAY.

RANDOM, MEANINGLESS SOUNDS. THEY CAN'T TOUCH HIM. THEY CAN'T HURT HIM.

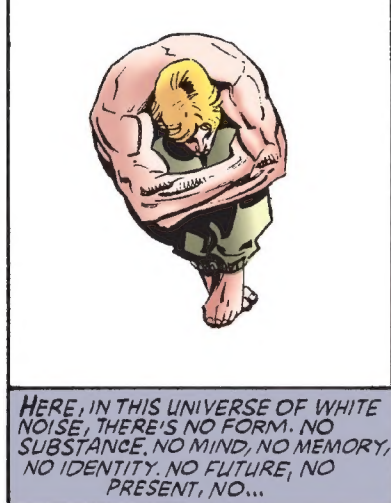
NO ONE CAN HURT HIM, AS LONG AS HE STAYS SAFE AND HIDDEN...



...IN COOL, WHITE OBLIVION.

REALITY CAN'T INTRUDE HERE, HE WON'T ALLOW IT.

BECAUSE REALITY BRINGS SHAME AND HORROR, CONTRADICTION AND DEATH.



HERE, IN THIS UNIVERSE OF WHITE NOISE, THERE'S NO FORM. NO SUBSTANCE, NO MIND, NO MEMORY, NO IDENTITY. NO FUTURE, NO PRESENT, NO...

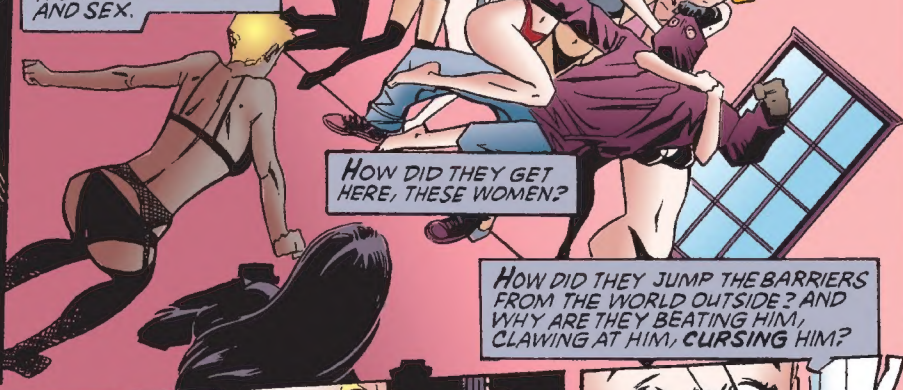


...PAST?

A RUSH OF CHEAP
PERFUME FILLS HIS
NOSTRILS...

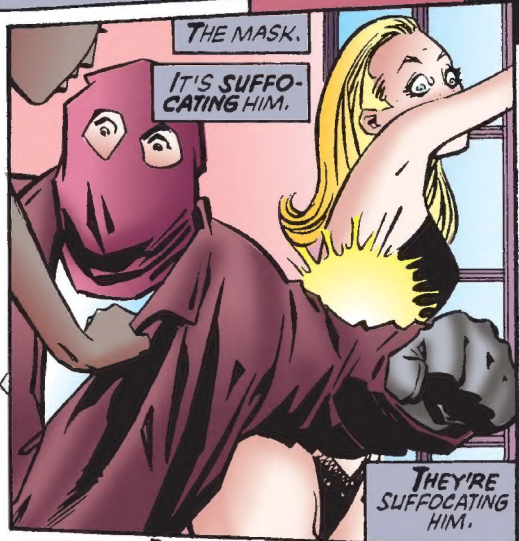
... AND HE NEARLY
GAGS.

HE'S OVERWHELMED BY
THE STINK OF SWEAT
AND SEX.



HOW DID THEY GET
HERE, THESE WOMEN?

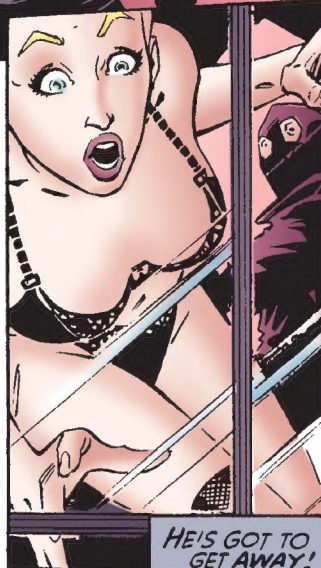
HOW DID THEY JUMP THE BARRIERS
FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE? AND
WHY ARE THEY BEATING HIM,
CLAWING AT HIM, CURSING HIM?



THE MASK.

IT'S SUFFO-
CATING HIM.

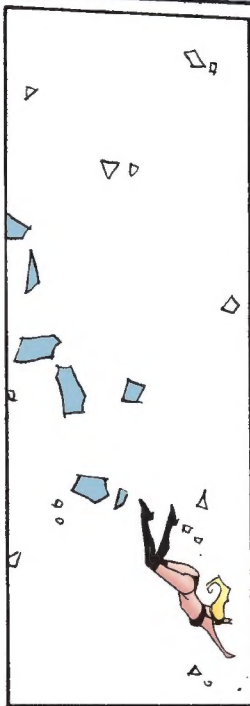
THEY'RE
SUFFOCATING
HIM.

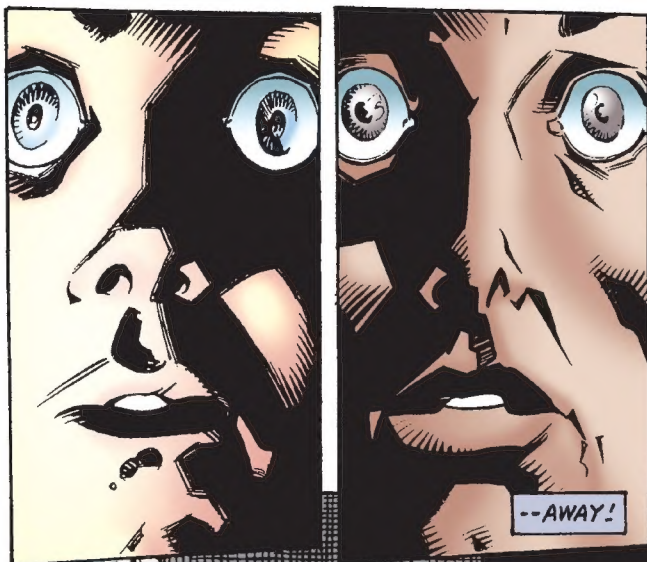


HE'S GOT TO
GET AWAY!



HE'S GOT TO
GET--





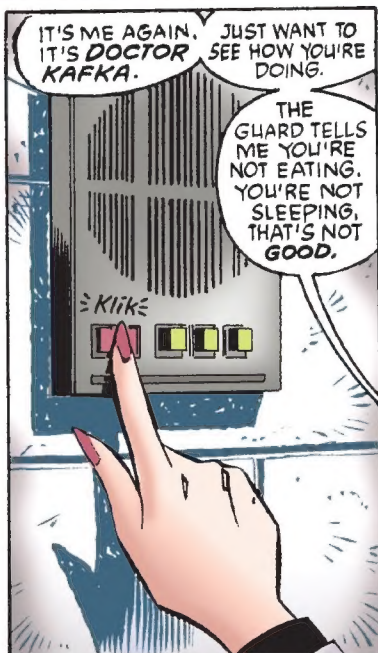
HOW LONG HAS SHE BEEN LOCKED UP HERE? A DAY? A WEEK? A HUNDRED YEARS?

SHE HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING.



SHE JUST KNOWS THAT SHE HATES IT. HATES HOW THEY ALL STARE AT HER THROUGH THE GLASS. HATES LISTENING TO THAT WOMAN OUT THERE PRATTLE ON AND ON.

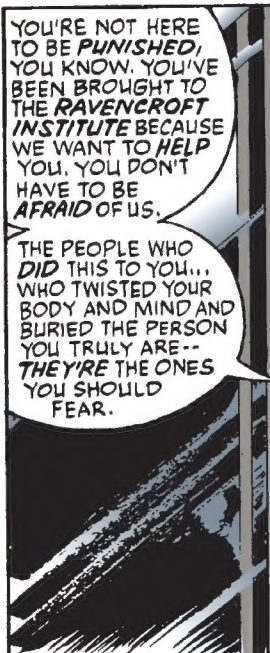
HATES HERSELF MOST OF ALL.



IT'S ME AGAIN. IT'S DOCTOR KAFKA.

JUST WANT TO SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING.

THE GUARD TELLS ME YOU'RE NOT EATING. YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING. THAT'S NOT GOOD.



YOU'RE NOT HERE TO BE PUNISHED, YOU KNOW. YOU'VE BEEN BROUGHT TO THE RAVENCROFT INSTITUTE BECAUSE WE WANT TO HELP YOU. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF US.

THE PEOPLE WHO DID THIS TO YOU... WHO TWISTED YOUR BODY AND MIND AND BURIED THE PERSON YOU TRULY ARE-- THEY'RE THE ONES YOU SHOULD FEAR.

THE TEST RESULTS CAME BACK. WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE NOW. NOT SOME CRAZED SERIAL KILLER-- BUT A GENTLE, DECENT WOMAN NAMED MARTHA PATERSON.

YOU'RE TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD. YOU'RE FROM MADISON, WISCONSIN. NOTHING CAN CHANGE THAT.

NOT THE MEMORY BLOCKS THEY IMPLANTED. NOT THE MUSCLE GRAFTS AND HORMONE TREATMENTS.

AND NOW THAT WE KNOW THE TRUTH... WE CAN START WORKING TOWARD RESTORING YOU. CUTTING THROUGH THE LAYERS OF LIES AND--



N-N-NO...



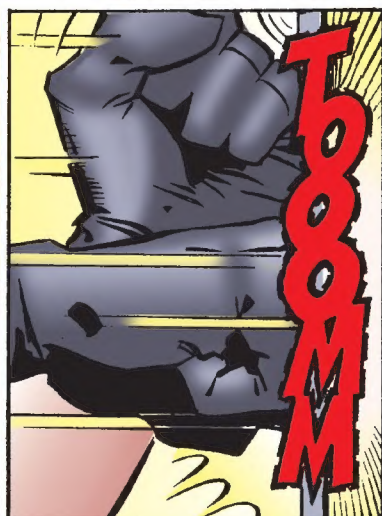
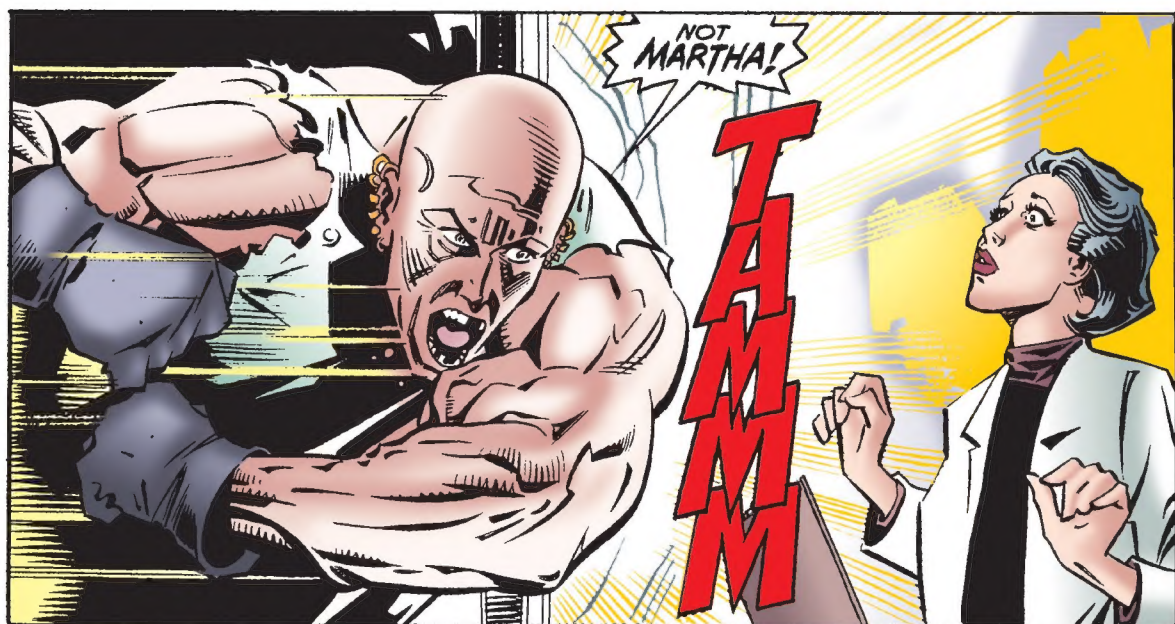
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, MARTHA?

NOT A WOMAN.

NOT A VICTIM.



NOT WEAK AND HELPLESS.



TWICE AROUND THE BLOCK
DIDN'T CHANGE ANYTHING.

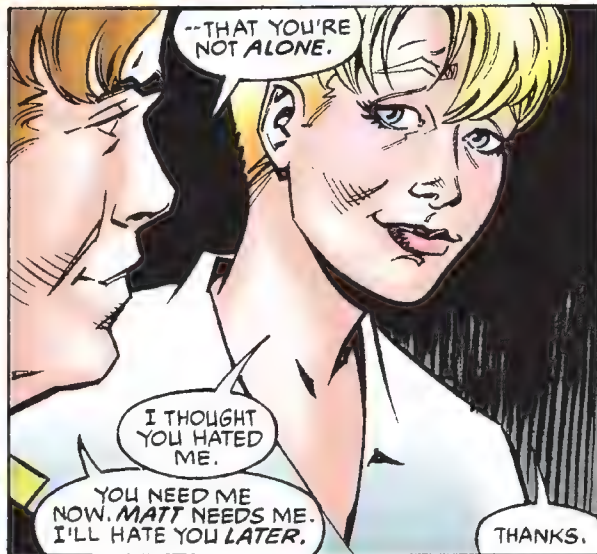
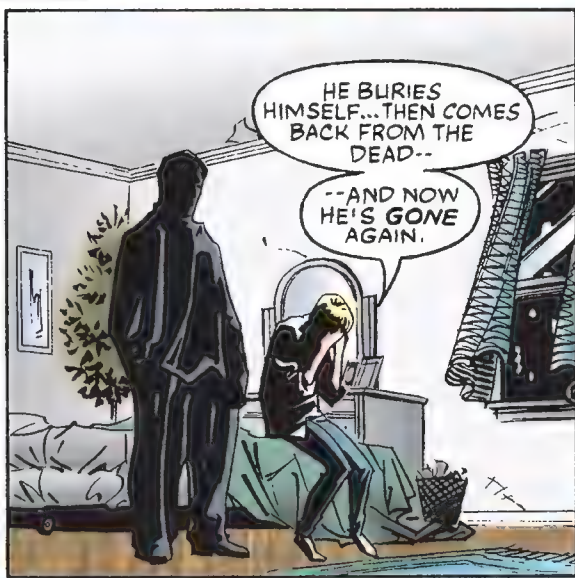
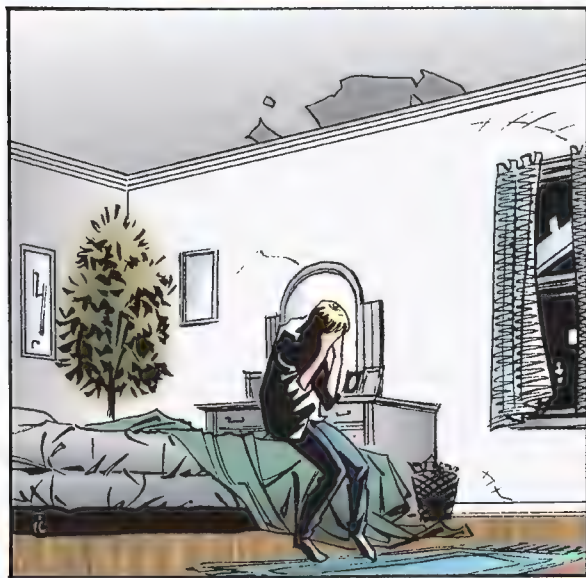
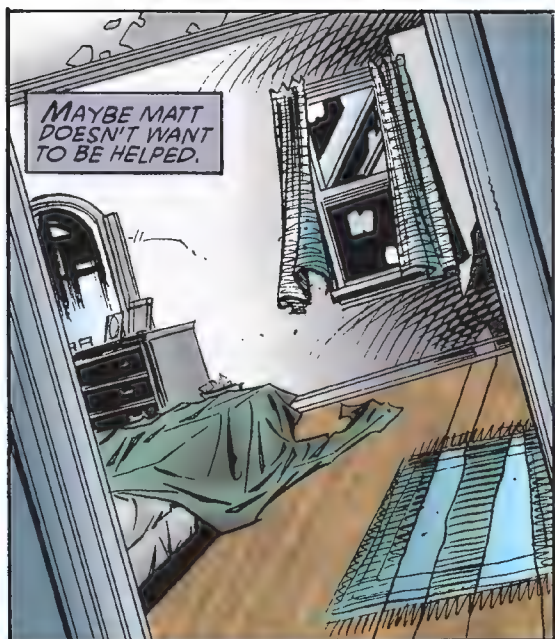


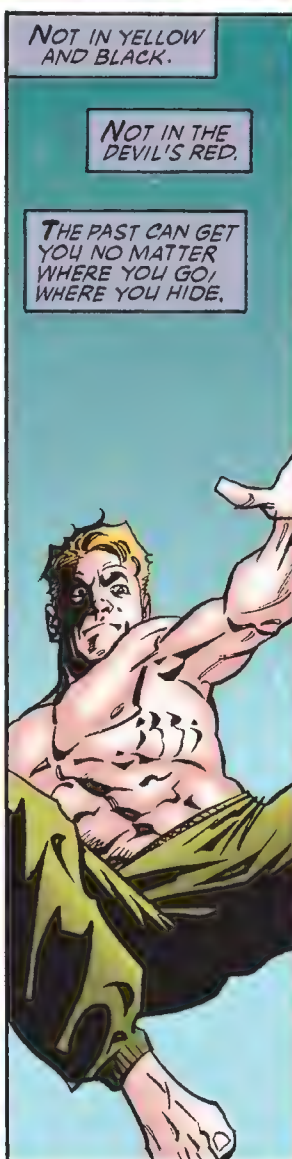
THIS ISN'T A VICTORIAN NOVEL.
SHE CAN'T KEEP HIM LOCKED
AWAY IN HER BEDROOM LIKE
MR. ROCHESTER'S FIRST WIFE.

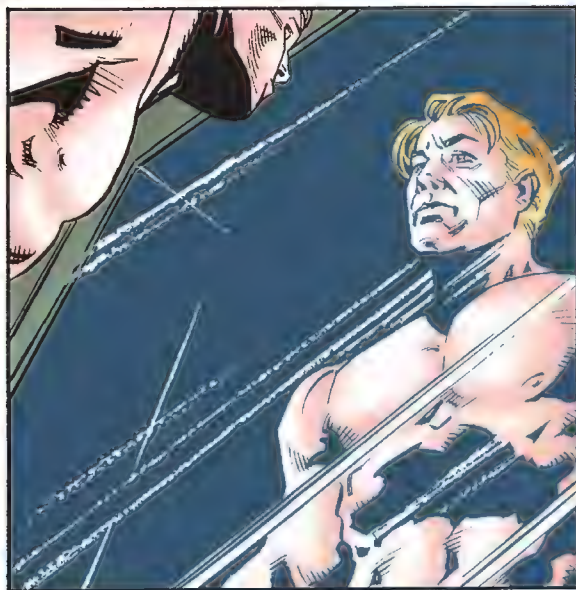
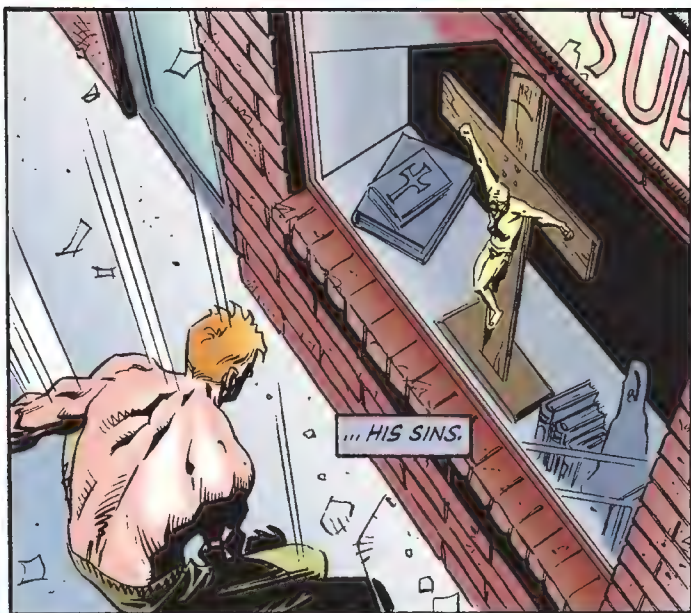
AND SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHO
SHE CAN TRUST TO HELP HIM.

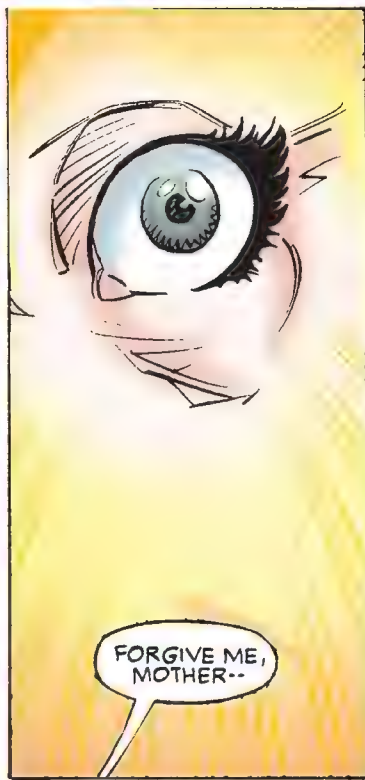
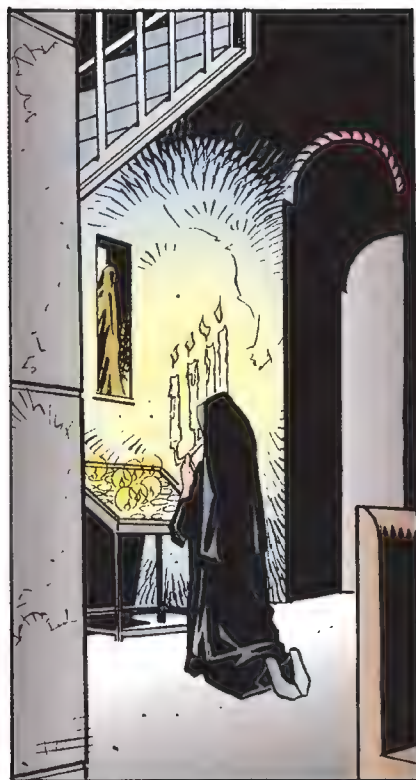
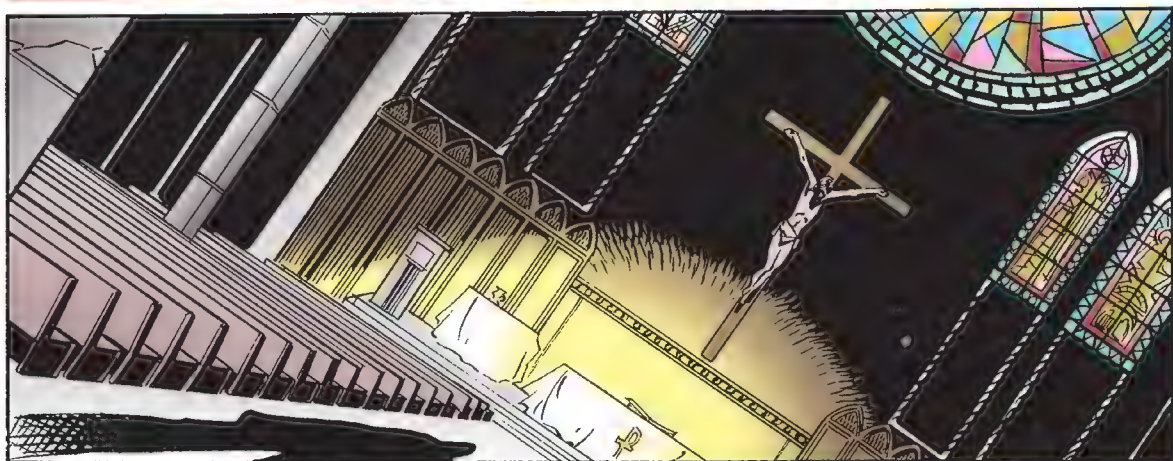


THEN SHE REALIZES THAT
THERE'S SOMETHING SHE
NEVER CONSIDERED.









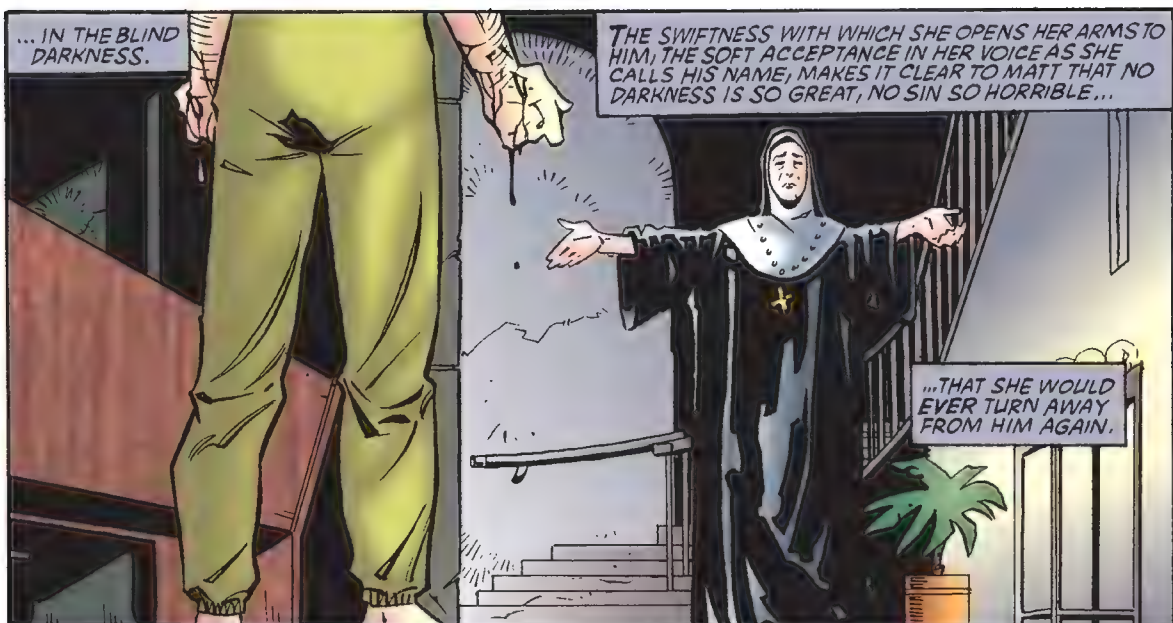


--FOR I HAVE
SINNED.

IN TIMES OF PAIN AND LOSS, IN TIMES OF DEEPEST SORROW, THIS WOMAN HAS HELPED HIM. SISTER MAGGIE HAS BEEN HIS CONFIDANTE AND CONFESSOR: A LIGHT IN HIS SOUL'S DARKEST NIGHTS, A REFLECTION OF HIS HEART'S HIGHEST ASPIRATIONS.

BUT, AS HE STANDS FACING HER IN THE STILLNESS AND SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH, HE WONDERS IF--WHEN SHE HEARS THIS CONFESSION...

... SHE'LL TURN AWAY (AS SHE DID ONCE, SO LONG AGO) AND LEAVE HIM ALONE...



... IN THE BLIND DARKNESS.

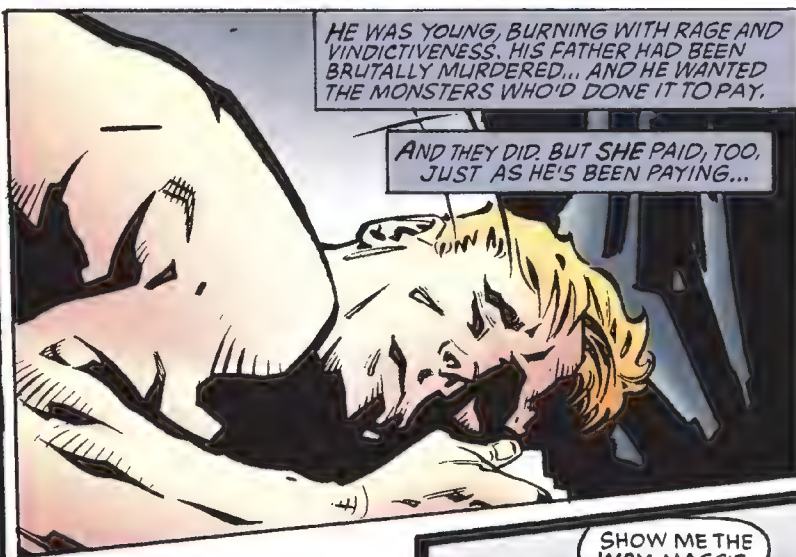
THE SWIFTESS WITH WHICH SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO HIM, THE SOFT ACCEPTANCE IN HER VOICE AS SHE CALLS HIS NAME, MAKES IT CLEAR TO MATT THAT NO DARKNESS IS SO GREAT, NO SIN SO HORRIBLE...

...THAT SHE WOULD EVER TURN AWAY FROM HIM AGAIN.



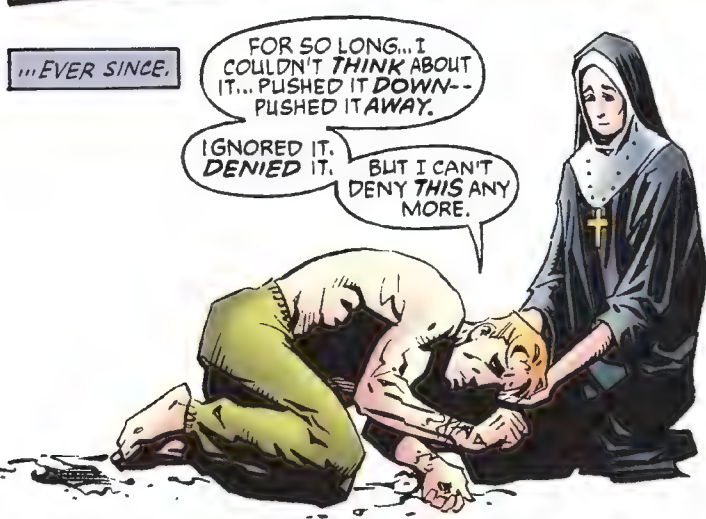
SO HE TELLS HER... ABOUT THE GIRL WHO FELL FROM THE WINDOW.

NO, THE GIRL HE PUSHED--HOWEVER INADVERTENTLY--



HE WAS YOUNG, BURNING WITH RAGE AND VINDICTIVENESS. HIS FATHER HAD BEEN BRUTALLY MURDERED... AND HE WANTED THE MONSTERS WHO'D DONE IT TO PAY.

AND THEY DID. BUT SHE PAID, TOO, JUST AS HE'S BEEN PAYING...

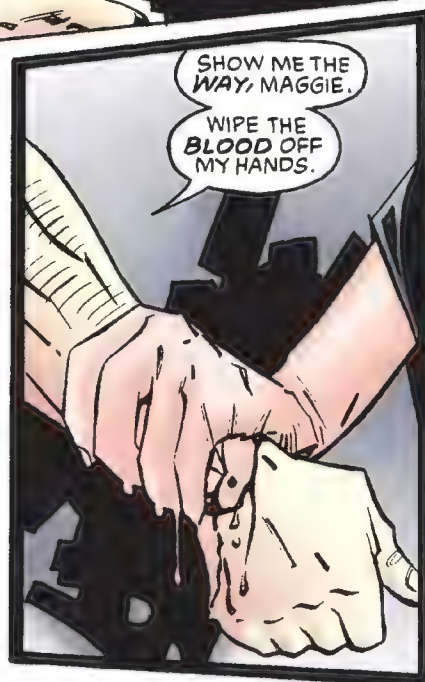


...EVER SINCE.

FOR SO LONG... I COULDN'T THINK ABOUT IT... PUSHED IT DOWN-- PUSHED IT AWAY.

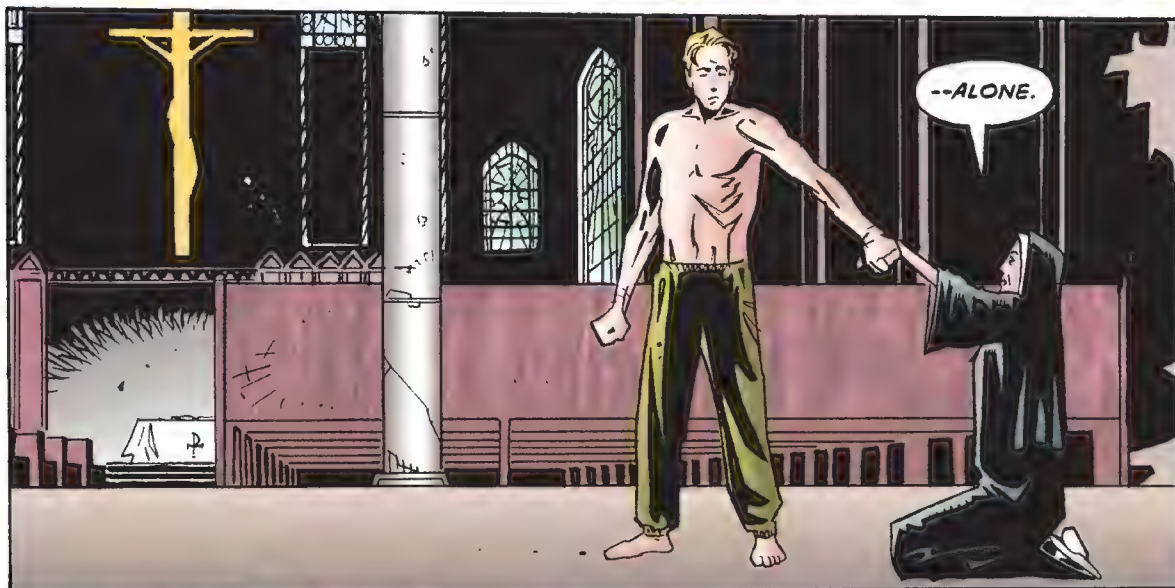
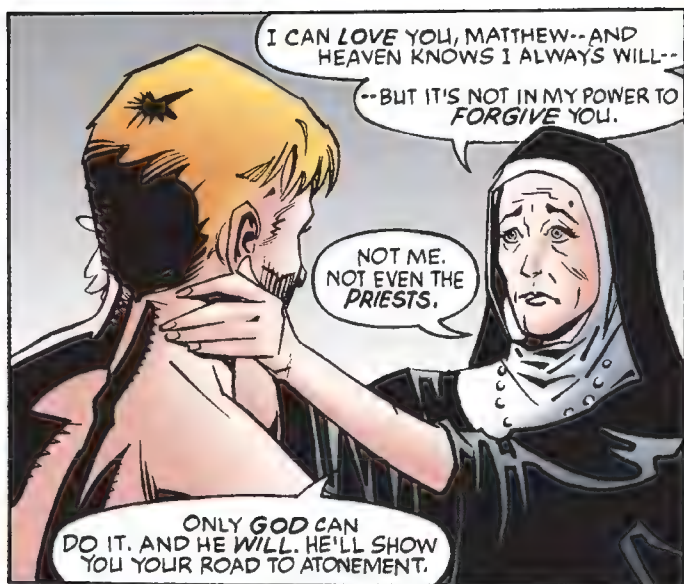
IGNORED IT. DENIED IT.

BUT I CAN'T DENY THIS ANY MORE.



SHOW ME THE WAY, MAGGIE.

WIPE THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS.



AND IN
MATT,

BUT SHE KNOWS HIM, PERHAPS
BETTER THAN HE KNOWS HIM-
SELF; AND SHE BELIEVES, TO
THE BOTTOM OF HER SOUL...

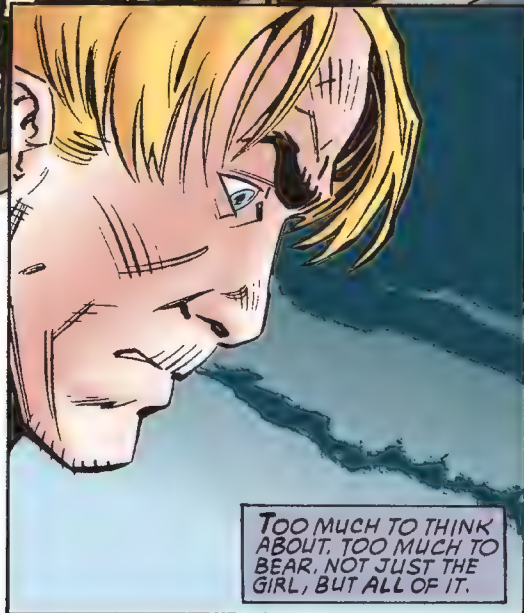
AND HE'LL
FLY.

HE MAY
DOUBT HIMSELF,
DOUBT HIS OWN
INNER STRENGTH,
HIS INHERENT
DECENCY.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE FOR
HER, HE WONDERS, AS
SHE FELL? WAS SHE
AFRAID? OR DID SHE
FIND SOME PEACE,
SOME INEFFABLE CALM,
AS SHE TUMBLED
DOWN, SO FAR DOWN...

... INTO COOL, WHITE
OBLIVION.

... THAT HE'LL RISE UP
FROM THIS PERSONAL
HELL LIKE AN ANGEL.



TOO MUCH TO THINK
ABOUT. TOO MUCH TO
BEAR. NOT JUST THE
GIRL, BUT ALL OF IT.



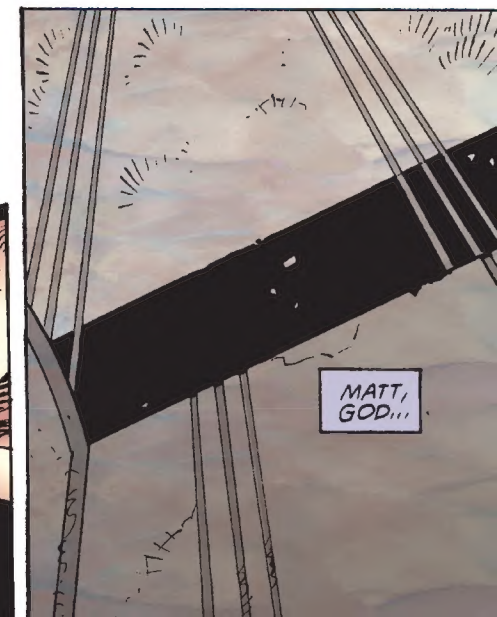
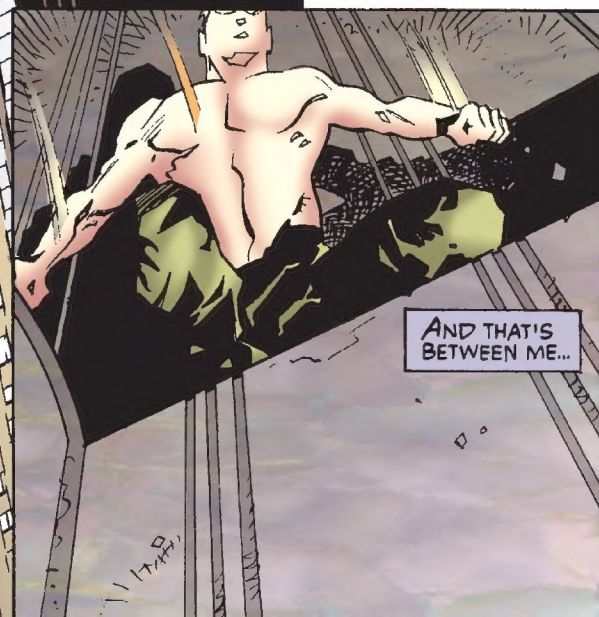
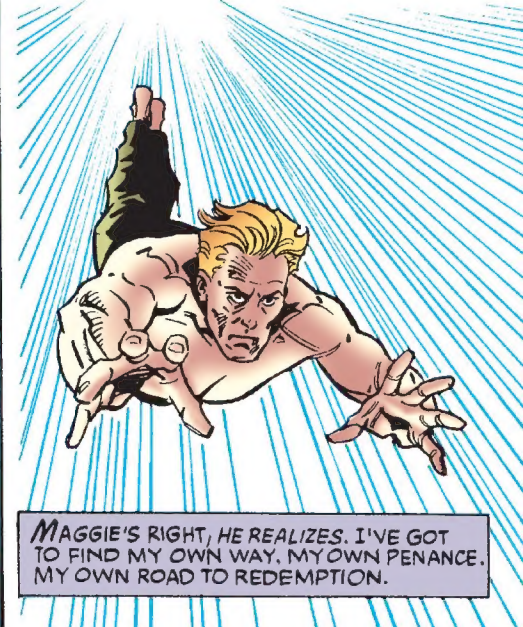
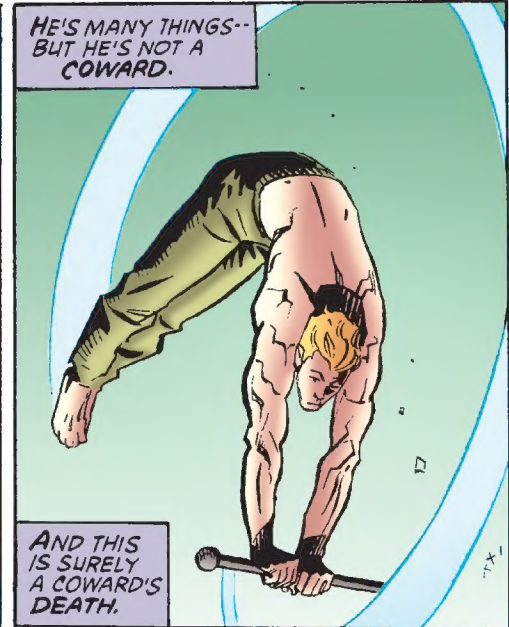
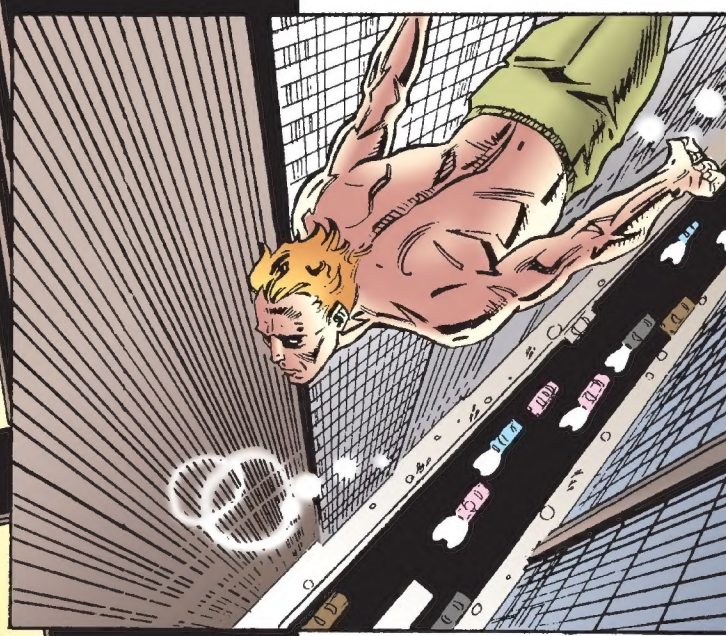
A LIFETIME OF
HYPOCRISY--
MASKS AND LIES
AND BROKEN
PROMISES.

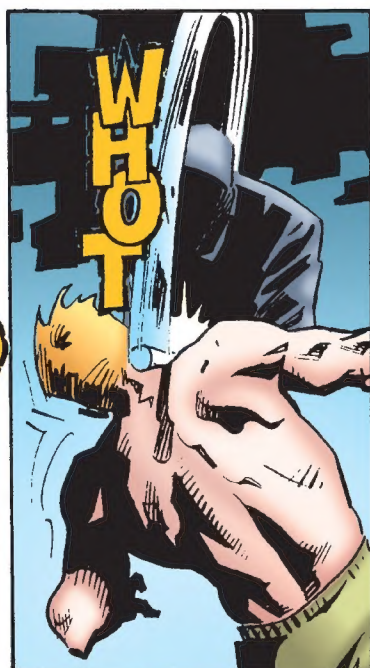
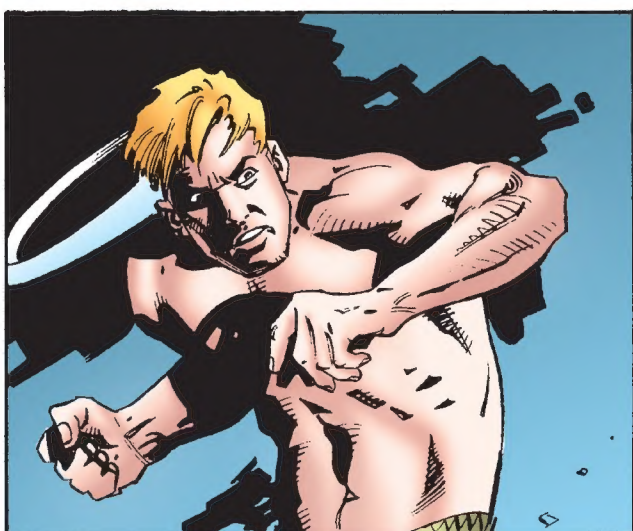


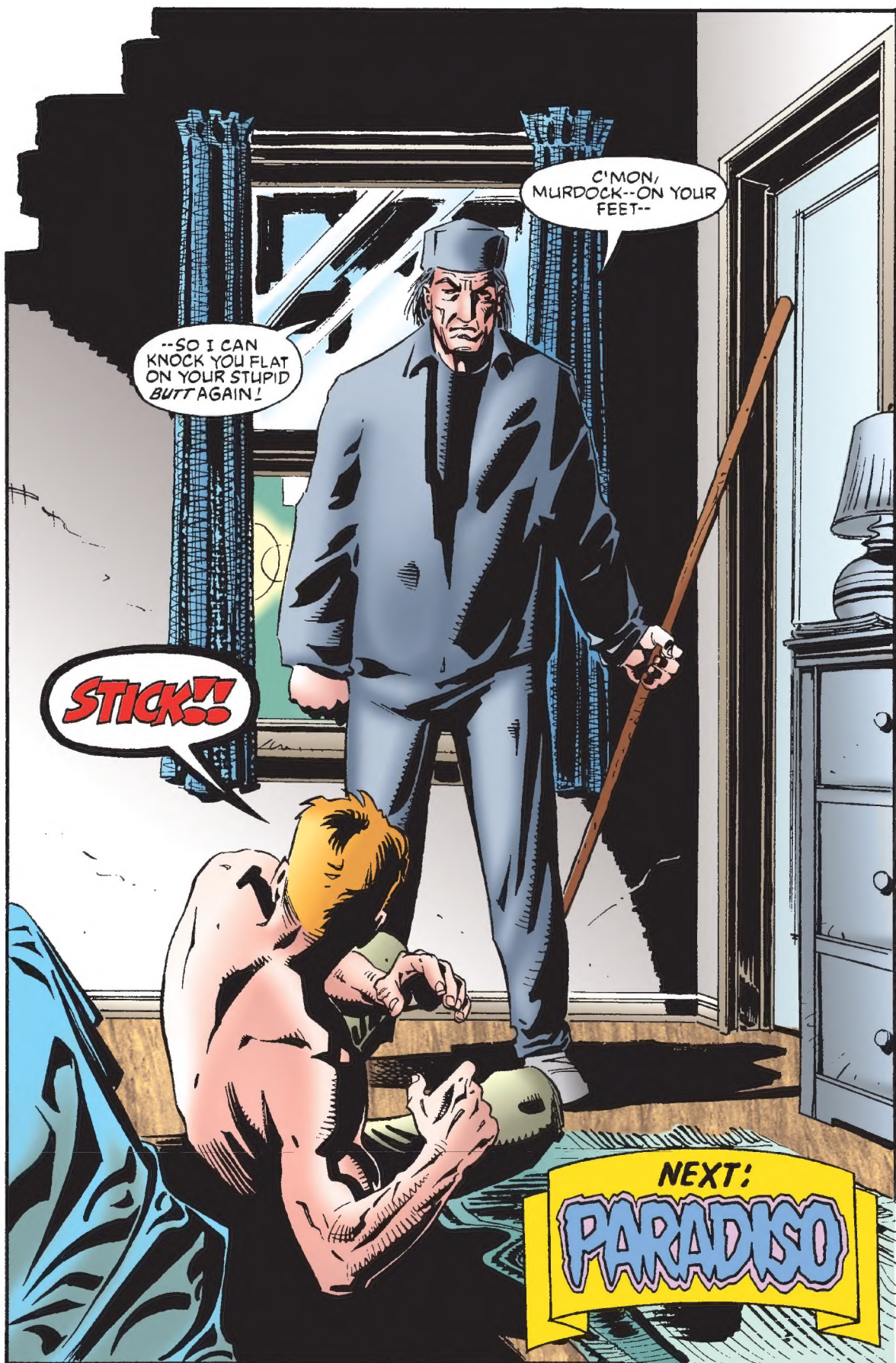
MY WHOLE LIFE, HE
REALIZES, HAS BROUGHT ME
HERE. TO THE EDGE. AND
IT'S TIME AT LONG LAST...



...TO GO
OVER IT!







C'MON,
MURDOCK--ON YOUR
FEET--

--SO I CAN
KNOCK YOU FLAT
ON YOUR STUPID
BUTT AGAIN!

STICK!!

NEXT:

PARADISO